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## Notes of the Week

## The War and the Outlook

GERMAN statesmen, admirals, and others continue to assure the world that the war can only end in a victory which will sound the knell of British tyranny and Russian oppression. Occasionally the note is rather more modest, as when Admiral von Koster explains why the German navy does not come out: "We must emerge unvanquished both on sea and land." To emerge unvanquished is hardly an echo of the flamboyant programme with which Germany embarked on the war six and a half months ago. If Germany could not win when she was all-powerful, and France, Russia, and Great Britain were unprepared, what hope can she have now when all three are growing daily stronger, whilst, as Mr. Harcourt suggests in a message to Canada, the resources of Germany, in both an economic and military sense, are on the wane? The fighting of the week has certainly not gone in Germany's favour, however much the German reports may seek to minimise the importance of movements on both fronts. Trenches here and there have been captured in the West, and in Poland General von Hindenburg has hurled his men in dense masses on the Russian lines in an effort to break through to Warsaw, only to be beaten back with appalling losses. Russia is having the best of it, and has made at least one move that counts in crossing the Bzura near its junction with the Vistula. In Egypt the Turks have been badly beaten, and have retired after losing some 300 killed and wounded and a thousand or two prisoners.

## In Return for Hospitality

American opinion has been sharply affected in favour of the Allies by two things. Having failed to capture America through the instrumentality of Count Bernsdorff and Herr Dernburg, Germany has played what she no doubt regarded as a trump card. Germans who have found prosperity in the States and become naturalised have started an organisation to influence the voting at the next election in the interests of the Fatherland. The obvious desire to embroil America with the Allies has roused the strongest feeling, and even President Wilson has reminded the German American of his obligations. This sort of return for the hospitality they have enjoyed in America is just what was to be expected of Germans who have become her citizens. "Hands off the ballot-boxes!" cry the American

majority who are not German born. The menace is well calculated to induce a semblance of reason in American diplomacy.

## "Frightfulness" at Sea

But as though the threat to carry the war into the domestic political arena were not enough, Germany has made assurance of annoyance to America double sure by declaring a submarine blockade of the British Isles, in which all neutrals would be involved. Never since civilised man appealed to the arbitrament of the sword to settle his differences has there been anything quite so cool as Germany's assumption that, if neutrals are sent to the bottom, she cannot be held accountable. She finds that Great Britain has persistently abused the neutral flag, and this is her answer. Where her decision is not merely farcical, it cloaks an intention of unmitigated piracy. Germany cannot blockade the British Isles with an odd submarine, but in the name of blockade she will sink any trading vessel, with non-combatant crew and passengers, whom she may suspect of being British. Such a policy is unwarranted by any law either of nations or of humanity, even if directed solely against an enemy. Germany will send a neutral vessel to the bottom at the peril of having the whole world in arms against her.

## Russia's New Spirit

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, at King's College, last week, pleaded for a better understanding of Russia by the British people, and M. Aladin, who lectured on the spirit of his country, pointed out that it would be for the democracy of England to help the democracy of Russia. The change which has come over Russia must be accelerated by the war and its many at present unseen effects, not the least important among them being the presence of seventy young Russian students, driven out of Belgium, now at King's College. In a year or two, said Dr. Burrows, they would be lecturing in Petrograd on the British spirit. It is unfortunate that at this moment a trial should have taken place in Petrograd, recalling the old bad days. M. Bourtseff, the revolutionary who conducted his campaign against the Russian Government from Paris and dared not return to his own country, immediately on the declaration of war, in order to show that Russia was as one man in this great crisis, went straight to Petrograd. He was arrested, tried, and is now under sentence to deportation to Siberia. M. Bourtseff's courage and devotion, whatever his errors in the past, are too precious not to win sympathy even from those who loathe the revolutionary propaganda. Will the Tsar permit him to be sent to Siberia? It is a great opportunity for showing the reality of the new spirit.

## Points from Parliament

Desirous as all good Britons are of seeing some modification of the party system, it must be confessed that the suspension of party spirit makes Parliamentary proceedings a little futile. Mr. McKenna's precise association with the release of enemy aliens from con-

centration camps is not made clear by Mr. Asquith's announcement that responsibility was assumed by the War Office three months ago. Are we to believe that Lord Kitchener's work in recruiting an army is thus accompanied by War Office sanction of recruiting the number of enemy aliens at large? Mr. Tennant, in introducing Army Estimates for 3,000,000 men—a very satisfactory round figure—said recruiting has been excellent, but we want yet more men; he could not go into details. We are left, quite properly, like the enemy himself, to form our own conclusion as to how near we are to the 3,000,000 limit. Sir Stanley Buckmaster showed irritation in dealing with certain reflections on the Press Bureau; he denied that he and his colleagues wished to suppress news of disasters, but the Bureau does not even afford facilities for publication of successes. Why, asked Mr. Bonar Law, cannot we be told all about that "tremendous event," the Battle of Ypres, one of the biggest things in the history of the British Army? Mr. Asquith says our total casualties to date are 104,000. We might at least be permitted to know something of the glorious deeds for which our manhood pays so dear.

#### Lord Londonderry

The Ulster cause loses one of its stoutest supporters and public life a high-minded, wholly disinterested, and much respected figure in Lord Londonderry. His Irish Viceroyalty of 1886 to 1888 is still remembered for its vigour on the one hand and its sympathy on the other. If Lord Londonderry's gifts were not brilliant, they were pre-eminently sound, and the nation is the poorer for his too early death. A keen sportsman, an even keener politician, he was a model landlord, the staunchest of colleagues, and a strenuous fighter whose blows, sharply felt at the moment, left no bitterness. "The most modest, unselfish man I've ever come across," writes Mr. Walter Long.

#### A Busy Novelist

The death of Miss Braddon, whose work began to entertain the public as long ago as 1862, when the famous "Lady Audley's Secret" made her name, must call to mind some appreciation of her talent and astonishing output. More than sixty novels came from her busy brain; and, born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, she wrote almost to the last year of her life. Her work, critically considered, seems to fall into place as marking a stage of transition between that of Jane Austen—whose heroines are occupied with mild, domestic matters—and that of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose ladies of leisure find problems of the vote and the "sphere" of modern women more to their taste. Miss Braddon possessed an amazing facility in the spinning of plots, and her stories were always of a healthy tone. It has been said that she appealed chiefly to the servants' hall, but, as a matter of fact, her admirers were many among all classes. Her son, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, has attained a recognised position as a novelist, and his work bears many traces of the same skill and the same faculty of holding the reader's interest.

## Shining Seville

BY BART KENNEDY

IT is a town of a shining dream, of gay colours and bull-fighters, of winding streets and plazas, of gorgeous flowers and orange trees. In it the sun shines as it shines nowhere else—a burning full orb of gold. To be in Seville is to feel a fine strange riot in the blood. You live, as it were, in a fierce, clear dream. Of all the towns of the world the town of Seville is the most wonderful and magical. It is a place gay and tragical and gorgeous and strange, a place full of art and beauty and glorious barbarism.

You go to the bull-fight, and you hear the shouts of the thousands in the arena. You hear a bursting blare of trumpets. You see a marching of gay and gallant *toreros* clad in finery adorned with gold. They are here to make sport with death. They are here to shake the dice with the old grim conqueror of men. For it is not given to the *torero* to tell whether or not death will visit him in the arena. The bull is a mightier foe than the tiger.

Or you wander into the vastness of the old Cathedral. Herein is the glory and the wonder and the mystery of God. Herein live great, strange organ-tones. On the vast walls are pictures. Pale lights shine in the distances over dim altars. Kneel here and pray. It is a fitting place.

Bells sound through the hours of the day and through the hours of the night in glorious, sun-lit Seville. Deep, booming bells, bells of softness, bells of golden tones, bells of tones of silver, bells of strange dread, bells of sadness, bells that send forth peals of joy and happiness. Are you one who loves the sound of bells? If so, you may take joy of them in Seville.

Are you one who loves beautiful women? If so, you will see them as you pass—entrancing women with glorious eyes. Nowhere will you see such women. If you lose not your heart in Seville, it is because you have none to lose. Take note of them as they come along. A plain woman is so rare that you see her with surprise. There are more beautiful women in Seville than in any other town in Europe. They are full of fire and life and health and grace. They walk with swinging steps. Some of them have in them the wild fine blood of the Arab; and some of them are descended from the Irish who came to this Seville some century or so ago. Here is a woman coming along. Surely she is Irish. Yes, she is, but she was born here in Andalusia, and her people were born here before her. In her beautiful face is a soft tint of gold coming from being of a land where the glorious sun shines as it never shines in the land of her forefathers.

You enter the Museo where are kept the pictures of Murillo, the great painter. It is filled with his Madonnas and saints and angels. Here is a picture of the Divine Child. It is strangely tender and beautiful—and human. The angels and saints and children

of Murillo are all most human. Well may it have been that this great artist painted better than he knew.

Here is the Teatro-Circo Eslava. You go in and take a seat, and the music rises around you. On the stage a comic opera is being played. But the people of the audience are, of the two, more interesting than those of the stage. These people of Seville know the secret of getting the most out of life. They let themselves go. They are not as the cold, restrained people of England. They possess the supreme wisdom that realises that the present moment is of all moments the best. When it is gone, it is gone never to return. And so they let themselves go. Many of them hum the air that is being sung on the stage; but no one minds. Everyone is out to be gay and merry and have a good time. Amongst them is a sense of fraternity. When the opera is over you may, if you wish, go to the back of the stage. Things theatrical are more free and easy than they are in England. The people of the stage are not too proud to meet the members of the audience and to talk with them. And the doing of this means no more than friendliness.

Perhaps, afterwards, you will drop into a *café cantante* in the Alameda. Here you will find things going at a glorious rate. There is a little stage, and on it a performance is being given. It is in a sense a variety entertainment, but it is in no way like a variety entertainment in England. There is no formality about it. The artists are more intimate with, are more in touch with, their audience. Jokes pass freely between them. And now and then an artist comes and sits with friends in the audience. There is a good deal of dancing on the little stage. The bolero is much favoured. This is a wild, whirling, very frank dance. But you will see dancers in a London music-hall that are far more calculated to offend the sense of propriety. Its frankness saves it. There is nothing about it that is prurient or suggestive. It is a wild, maddening dance. And one cannot imagine it being really danced anywhere but in glorious and wonderful Seville. You may perhaps have seen it danced on some stage in London; but if you did, you saw but a pale and weak imitation of it. Spanish dancers, when they are in London, are unable to let themselves go as they would here in Seville. For an English audience understands not the spirit of this dance. And so it is that the bolero cannot be danced before them. The cold audience of the North is apt to think that the spirit, the vitalising essence, of this glorious dance is sensuality. This is not so. Its vitalising essence is the fire and abandon and wonder of intense life. In Seville a child might see the bolero.

Wonderful is the night in Seville. The stars shine with a strange glory, and through the night the bells sound. You are in a city of enchantment. In the blue darkness of the sky above is an effect of magical clearness. Around you are the lights and sounds of the town. Above you is the clear burning of the far stars. And wonderful is the dawn in Seville. There is a trembling in the air, the light comes, and the sun is

swiftly up. The beautiful town is flooded with soft gold. You still hear the bells, but their sound now has another meaning. They are the heralds of a new day—a new time.

The old winding streets and the plazas are filled with an intense light. The Guadalquivir is a river of smooth, moving brilliance. And at times there rises in the air the sound of songs. People are singing as they go. The joy of the new day is upon them.

Seville, the town of a shining dream, is awake!

## The Effect of War on Sport

BY F. G. AFLALO.

THE ethical aspect of the question how far war should put an end to sport has been dealt with sufficiently in the public Press, more particularly with so wide an interpretation of the word as to include football and horse-racing; but there is another side of the matter which has not so far been considered, and that is the compulsory abandonment of field sports that stand for much in the normal year of those able to enjoy them. There is no crime in fishing or shooting so long as such pursuits do not prevent those who enjoy them from doing their duty in the national crisis. Nothing could, in fact, be more pleasing than a letter, which I was recently privileged to see, in which a youthful subaltern at the front begged his father, an old master of hounds, to send him out one more couple of beagles, as the pack already provided was insufficient to show sport in the intervals of fighting.

Yet however ready those too old, or otherwise unfit, for service might have been to spend the present winter in pursuit of big game, immense areas of Europe and Africa have been closed by the presence or proximity of military operations. This embargo on districts ordinarily the scene of either organised shoots or solitary stalks reaches from the Ardennes to Africa.

All through Central Europe, the game animals must have appreciated the unusually long close-time. The German-descended red deer of Freyr and other Belgian forests, and the boars that come down to the valleys of the Ardennes when the snow lies thick on the hills, must have missed the continuous fusillade that has ever been their welcome in the short winter days. Peaceful indeed has been the lot of the great Brunft-Hirsch of the royal forests of Austria, the graceful roedeer of the Tyrol, the lynx, bear and stags of the Carpathians, and the majestic mouflon, introduced half a century ago into the hill strongholds round Gymes, and they should multiply exceedingly. Hungary, now in the hands of our allies, has always been the finest game country in all Europe. The average year's bag of red deer, many bearing magnificent antlers, has exceeded three thousand, and on the estate of Count Frederic Wenckheim twelve guns have before now bagged as many hares in a single day. Sportsmen at home have been able, even in these grim times, to shoot their few brace of pheasants and hares, always with an eye to the requirements of

military hospitals, without interruption, but compared with the colossal game returns in Hungary their meagre bags are insignificant.

Rumania and Bulgaria have so far kept outside the general imbroglio, and we may suppose that sport has not been wholly neglected. The October bear shooting may have attracted as many devotees as usual, and Prince Ferdinand may have enjoyed his customary chamois drives on the Rhodope. Servia's big game may be said to have vanished with its forests, but the wonderful snipe and woodcock shooting in the Topshidereh preserves must have been wholly neglected this winter for sterner occupation, and, with a neighbouring gallant little kingdom fighting for existence, we may well imagine that the woodcock round Cettinje and Antivari have also gone unscathed. Turkey has never achieved wide fame as a sportsman's paradise, and this obscurity is chiefly appreciated by the few resident Englishmen who have hitherto enjoyed excellent deerstalking round Strandja, and both boar and roedeer shooting near Ovadjik and elsewhere in the wooded hills that guard the Gulf of Ismidt, in the safe seclusion of which the invalid *Goeben* enjoyed a period of convalescence after injuries sustained in the Black Sea.

It is, however, in the game countries of Equatorial Africa, of late years the rendezvous of big game hunters from all the world over, having supplanted in their favour the exhausted districts farther south, that the war must most effectually have paralysed at once the business and pleasure of *safari*. Not this winter have Masai and Swahili boys been in request as guides or porters round Kijabe and the prolific game tracts that lie south of the Uganda Railway, between the Reserve and the German border. There has been no occupation for the skilled Sudanese trackers who have of late years found lucrative winter occupation in the Bahr el Gazal and Sennar Province. In other and happier days I have taken leave of expectant sportsmen starting inland from Port Sudan or Mombasa, but this Christmas there was neither the heart nor the opportunity to bag lion, elephant, rhinoceros or antelopes in that most perfect of winter climes. Some of those good sportsmen, indeed, have, alas, gone to happier hunting grounds. I remember meeting a lady in British East Africa who, earlier in the week, had shot two lions in one day in the Simba Hills, no great distance from Nairobi. Now, forsooth, her husband, a gallant officer of the Irish Guards, who was out with her at the time, lies buried somewhere a little west of Mons! Of a truth, this business of big game stalking has always been recognised as fine training for Englishmen, and nobly they have put it to the proof by their splendid courage and endurance in the greatest game of all.

The next meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society will be held on Wednesday, the 17th instant, at 8 o'clock p.m. precisely, at 20, Hanover Square, W., when Professor G. Sims Woodhead, M.A., M.D., will deliver his presidential address on "Some of the Micro-biological Problems of the Present War."

## The Romance of Pictures

BY SOPHROSYNE

THE end of art is enjoyment. Every man attains to enjoyment by different means, and inclines to believe his way the only lawful one. The use of the word "culture" is forbidden, but unfortunately no one has been enterprising enough as yet to coin a word to replace it, nor have we another term which so completely expresses a lofty and superior state of mentality; hence the writer will make bold to use it. "Cultured" people maintain that they alone have the right to speak of art, and that they alone possess the secret of enjoying it. Their verdict is that only the man who is qualified to appreciate the subtlety of texture of a Vandyke portrait, the secret processes by which Rembrandt attained his wonderful effects of lighting, the opulence of Rubens, the new life and spirit that Constable introduced into English landscape painting, is qualified to feel real pleasure in these paintings—in a word, he must possess knowledge, understanding, and sympathy.

From this the man in the street often begs to differ. There is a sense in which all of us are children, where the mystery of the unknown, the unapproachable, affords us strange upliftings of spirit, and a delicate sense of pleasure, such as can never be granted by the things of which we have intimate knowledge. Criticism, understanding the science, the labour that goes to make a work of art, is too often the rough finger that knocks the bloom from the fruit, that tarnishes the brightness of belief in a fairyland where genius works with perfect joy amid surroundings of peace and beauty. Let us keep some of our illusions and remain eternally young.

Happy is the man who can walk into such an exhibition as that of the Grosvenor Gallery and lose himself for a time in the mere beauty of the pictures that hang on that fascinating rose-hued tapestry, without a thought in his mind as to the palettes and brushes of those who produced them, and without worrying to apply to the catalogue in order that he may be in the right frame of mind to consider the work of some great master. Outside, the great world strives and cheats and kills its fellows, but here is rest and refreshment for the senses. What more can you ask of any painter than that he take you from depressing realities into the land of romance, where dream lords and ladies linger, where are such trees and mountains and enchanted castles as were never seen by eyes of men, such flowers as never grew in human parterre, but were sown there by the hands of elves and fairies?

So much of the pleasure we, the uninitiated, find in painting lies in the associations it awakens in our minds, in the trains of memory set moving that go back into regions where glamour walks hand in hand with scarce remembered knowledge. Here is a picture of the great god Pan, the wanton spirit of Nature, revelling among his joyous followers. No doubt the catalogue would set forth its painter and its virtues, but to us it is valued in that it conjures up the

warmth and fragrance of the sunny south, evoking glad sensations of the youth of the world, when the immortals still showed themselves to those who had eyes to see, when the procession of the seasons was celebrated by song and dance and garland. Happy Greeks, to walk hand in hand with Nature and to realise its smiles in the sunshine, its tears in the storms that swept their fertile plains, a kinship and a deity in the fruitful vine and the blossoming earth.

On the walls are fine men and beautiful women whom the painters have made to live eternally. Some of them are evidently posing, much as we do before the camera, but no photograph had ever the power to put into eyes the thoughts with which these are full. Surely they are dreams that only the painter had as he transferred them feature by feature to his canvas. There are two proud ladies of Elizabeth's time or a little later. We think they must be Stuart, not so much from their dress or the soft ringlets on white brows as from the indefinable air of luxury, the hint of weariness inseparable from that period. Gone with ruff and farthingale is the indomitable spirit of England, in which even England's women shared; in these languorous eyes there are dreams of love, of soft melancholy rather than deeds of valour.

In one corner there is a Flora, from whom it is impossible to dissociate the man who painted her and the time in which she lived. We try to shut out the memory of the "scandal" which attached to a wax model made later of the picture, into which Germany was dragged, eternally unfortunate in its association with the art treasures of the world, and to think only of the loneliness, the mystery of the painted face. Did ever Leonardo know that mocking, haunting smile he has immortalised in his greatest women, or is it again the thought of the painter at which we are looking, as he gazes on a world in which he sees so much to which our eyes are ever blind? Is it his tenderness at our stupidity, his mockery at the eagerness so anxious to tell all it knows, his wistfulness at the beauty of the artist's dream which never can come true on earth?

There is a landscape which attracts us, to which we return once and yet again, so unerringly the quality and the loveliness of homely England shine through it. We realise that on this canvas the painter has managed to convey all that Nature may say to us, but which, alas! so rarely she does, owing to our inability to interpret her moods unassisted. The sky is never for us so beautiful a blue as to the painter, nor do the trees blow in such decorative designs, nor the old locks of the canal take on such picturesque lines, familiar as they are. His vision is there, a joy and a revelation.

But the wise do not cheapen pleasures by over-indulgence, nor weaken impressions by overcrowding them. Romance is elusive; at one moment we catch sight of her garments, see the radiance of her face, then she is gone, to visit us again when least we expect her; so the pictures in which we trace her presence are few in number. She lingers in a little Dutch interior, where at first sight realism seems rampant, but which

is transfigured by her presence. It is a homely scene—"Grace before Meat"—but touched by the finger of genius into tenderness. On looking at it, exquisitely painted in all its simple detail, of sturdy man and woman and bonny peasant child, of cottage with open window and sweet air falling on the midday meal, we realise that to us, ignorant as we are of terms and trick and technique, the stock-in-trade alike of artist and critic, Art yet remains a sacrament, the symbol and outward presence of something for which there is no name, but which resides deep down in the human breast, waiting to be touched into life in holy moments by the finger of beauty inspired by genius.

To those who seek her, there may be many such revelations in the exhibition of paintings that hang in the gallery in Bond Street. Those who have lent them have done much for their fellows to lighten the dark thoughts of this time. Gaiety is a little forced, and laughter comes hardly when hearts are shadowed by pain and anxiety. Beauty has the healing touch of Nature's balm, and doubly so when it falls freshly on ear or vision. These are pictures almost unknown, except in reproduction, and almost without exception from the hands of acknowledged masters of their craft, alive to-day as when painted with the great thoughts of those who expressed them in this manner.

## REVIEWS

### The Splendid Journalist

*Essays of Joseph Addison.* Chosen and Edited, with Preface and Notes, by SIR J. G. FRAZER. Two Vols. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. net.)

IT may seem an extravagance of literary criticism if we say that the modern free-lance journalist, who prides himself on his ability to "dash off" an article upon any subject at the shortest notice, can trace his descent—in more senses than one—from the essayist, poet, and man of the world, Joseph Addison; but the statement is not so presumptuous when we consider those varied, skilful pages. The journalist may never have given much attention to the work of the little circle of the old *Tatler* and *Spectator*; possibly he has not read six of the famous essays in his life; yet here is all his diversity and cleverness and adaptability, raised to a higher power, and as we fall under the irresistible spell we feel that it is no matter for surprise that the public welcomed such a strange, impressive voice in a time of clamour and crudity. The day of the offensive personal pamphlet, of the coarse satire and the vulgar lampoon, was passing; the genius that not only spent itself, but prided itself, upon an extensive vocabulary of scathing epithets and sarcastic phrases was slowly being turned into more pleasant paths; and it is not too much to say that one of the greatest achievements of Addison and his friends, apart from their influence on literary style and social manners, was the infusion into the critical craft of a gentler, more moderate, yet not

less effective spirit. They were charmingly discursive in their choice of subjects—hence our reference to the modern journalist; one has only to glance casually over the essays to find astonishing variety. "The Critic," "The Pedant," "Lucky Numbers," "Transmigration," "The Love of Fame," "Ladies' Hoods," "Gardens," "Dreams," "Fireworks," "The Female Passion for China," "The Hooped Petticoat," "Religions in Wax-work," "Clubs"—the author is able, it seems, to write on anything, to take any theme and give it charm and interest by delicate imaginations and fancies erected, a fairy-structure of thought, upon it. And beautifully, at times, does Addison touch the difficult note of more serious matters: it was as natural to him to "moralise" as it was to write, yet none could be offended by his genuinely reverent frame of mind. One passage, in particular, at the close of the essay on "Superstition," has always seemed to us perfectly in tune. After discussing the depressing effect that the spilling of salt, the crossing of knives, the howling of dogs, have upon certain people, and the evil habit of anticipating miseries that rarely arrive, he concludes:

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees at one view the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

How easily a clumsy or self-conscious writer might have ruined so risky a close to an essay which has been distinctly humorous! Judging humanity and manners by sure taste rather than by rigid or formal principles, he scarcely ever failed; he could ridicule a corrupt fashion without malice, could be ironic without vulgarity; he assumed, as Mr. W. J. Courthope has pointed out, "an intelligence in his reader equal to his own," yet always wrote as though a literary critic of impeccable ability were looking over his shoulder.

This selection of the "Essays" is well chosen and edited, and Dr. Frazer has contributed in his Preface a little study quite in the Addisonian style, full of delicate touches and exquisitely sympathetic. His footnotes prove him a good editor; for example, to an allusion to the battle of Almanza in Essay xxix he appends this illuminating comment:

On April 25, 1707, the English and Portuguese forces in Spain, commanded by the Earl of Galway, were severely defeated by the French and Spanish forces under the Duke of Berwick. As the Earl of Galway (second Marquis de Ruvigny) was an exiled Huguenot, and the Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James II, was an exiled Englishman, the battle of

Almanza is the only battle on record in which an English general at the head of a French army defeated an English army commanded by a Frenchman.

These two volumes form a worthy addition to the "Eversley" series; they contain the cream of Addison's prose work, and the brief "Notes" often explain points that might be obscure to the reader who is not well versed in the troubled times in which the great essayist lived.

## Thomas Davis

*Essays, Literary and Historical.* By THOMAS DAVIS. Centenary Edition. Edited by D. J. O'DONOGHUE. With an Essay by JOHN MITCHEL. (W. Tempest, Dundalk. 3s. 6d. net.)

THOMAS DAVIS enjoys an imperishable fame in Ireland. Poet, statesman, and philosopher, he crowded a glorious work into the brief span of his years. For he died in his thirty-first year, on September 16, 1845, leaving a void in Ireland's public life which has never since been adequately filled. To the Cemetery of Mount Jerome, in Dublin, on the eve of the terrible famine, when his country sorely needed his strength and his devotion, his broken-hearted compatriots committed the remains of one of Ireland's noblest sons. For Ireland, irrespective of party or of creed, was united over the grave of Davis in realising the catastrophe of his early death, the loss of his present work, the extinction of the promise of a mighty future.

The rare qualities of mind and heart with which Davis was so richly endowed can never fail to encourage the student of his work. One who knew him intimately as a fellow-worker, and who is entitled above all men to sum up the virtues of his friend, has left us a discerning eulogy of this remarkable man. "I can confidently say," says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "that I have not known a man so nobly gifted as Thomas Davis. . . . What he was as a friend, so tender, so helpful, so steadfast, no description will paint. . . . Like Burke and Berkeley, he inspired and controlled all who came within the range of his influence, without aiming to lead or dominate. . . . He brought to political controversy a fairness previously unexampled in Ireland. In all his writings there will not be found a single sentence reflecting ungenerously on any human being."

With the exception of the lengthy sketch of the Life of Curran, the interesting selection of essays and short papers contained in Mr. O'Donoghue's centenary volume nearly all appeared in the columns of the *Nation* newspaper, which was founded in 1842, as the organ of the Young Ireland Party, by the famous triumvirate, John Blake Dillon, Charles Gavan Duffy, and Thomas Davis. In a sense the essays described as literary and historical are, in fact, neither the one nor the other, and in a sense they are both. During the three strenuous years between the first issue of the *Nation* and his death, Davis wrote regularly week by

week, and did not restrict himself to Irish subjects. His work was, in consequence, spread over a wide field, and some of it would be hastily done, having regard to the exigencies of the production of a weekly newspaper. Mr. O'Donoghue thinks that Davis would have revised the essays for publication, but the reader will prefer to have the work just as the author left it.

The gift of imagination and the power of comprehension are seldom united. In these essays of Thomas Davis they are supreme. Innocent of any narrow or sectarian prejudice, he is earnest only for the advancement of his native land, the progress of all her citizens. To this end he laboured throughout—to this end he called upon all for aid and help. Knowledge was the foundation on which to build the new Ireland and the new world—knowledge of the glorious records of his country and of her attainments, knowledge of the beauty of toleration, knowledge of the power of liberty. It is a tragedy that the centenary of the birth of such a man should fall to be submerged in the blood and welter of the German *Götterdämmerung*.

Mr. O'Donoghue has done his work well, both in the selection of the essays and in the care to reproduce the original text. There is an illustration of the statue by John Hogan, in Mount Jerome Cemetery, and a reproduction of the exquisite pencil portrait by Sir Frederic Burton, to be found in the National Portrait Gallery in Dublin.

## Shorter Notices

### Law of the Constitution

In 1885 was issued the first edition of Professor A. V. Dicey's "Law of the Constitution"; in 1915—thirty years later—is issued the eighth edition (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.). That fact is enough to show that the "Law of the Constitution" has become one of our British institutions. As new students come along, they find it necessary to turn to the work which has served their fathers well, and we are almost inclined to ask how the man who wished to study the law of the Constitution before 1885, without a vast deal of personal investigation and research, got on without Professor Dicey. The 'eighties, however, are quite a long way off in this age of progress, and much has happened since the passing of the Agricultural Labourers' Enfranchisement Act which makes it necessary to review certain phases of the subject afresh. Hence the eighth edition contains a new introduction, full of acute and passably impartial reasoning. Nothing affecting the law of the Constitution seems to escape Professor Dicey, and he shows us how the new democratic forces which have been called into existence involve considerations which could only have been intelligent anticipations if not actual prejudices in 1885. Public opinion and the law must often be in conflict under a purely democratic régime. "The time has come when the fact ought to be generally admitted that the amount of government—that is, of course, coercion—of individuals or classes by the State, which is necessary to the welfare or even to the existence of a civilised community, cannot permanently coexist with the effective belief that deference to public opinion is in all cases the sole

or the necessary basis of a democracy." Needless to say, Professor Dicey writes sound sense on such a theme.

### A Glimpse of Spanish History

To those interested in any particular period of history all accounts throwing any light on the times must be of interest; therefore Lady Moreton's "A Playmate of Philip II" (John Lane, 10s. 6d. net) will doubtless be welcome to students of Spanish history, for the author claims that "the life of Don Martin of Aragon, Duke of Villahermosa—the playmate—has never been told, even in Spanish," although she at the same time modestly admits that her book is merely a patchwork—threads of other stories stitched together. It is doubtful whether the general reader will find sufficient in the work to rouse any great enthusiasm. If possible, Lady Moreton has been almost too faithful to the records she has laboriously studied; in parts her accounts read more like a summary of events than a story which, while being equally accurate and true to historic happenings, should maintain sufficient romance to allure the reader to pursue the narrative to the very end, and then only close the book with a regret that all the tale has been told. The youthful connection between Philip and Don Martin is not dwelt upon to any great extent; in fact, the King figures very remotely in the pages. Much stress is laid upon the piety and charity of many of the ladies of the Court, but naturally these traits, admirable though they be, would not in themselves have been sufficient reason for the publication of another book to laud them had not Lady Moreton felt that she was at the same time adding her quota to the ever-increasing knowledge of history.

### Portugal in Commonplace

Articles that make very acceptable copy for occasional contributions to minor periodicals are not necessarily well suited to the requirements of the serious bookmaker. We get more than ample proof of this in "Progressive Portugal," by Ethel C. Hargrove (Werner Laurie, 6s. net). A quite respectable array of authorities has been called upon to lend a hand in its production, and the publisher presents it in a form which prepares the reader for much more satisfactory fare than he actually gets. For the tourist who has never been in Portugal, there is much in it that may be of service, but, for those of us who are called upon to read it in the winter conditions of London, Miss Hargrove's catalogic commonplaces are tiresome. Even her account of Bussaco and the battlefields hardly rings with that "bugle blast" which Martin Hume heard from "Bussaco's granite ridge," and we are quite content to leave the chapter at her invitation to British officers to study Bussaco on the spot. Here and there are touches, as in "Coimbra Past and Present," which show that Miss Hargrove might do better from the literary standpoint than the bulk of her book suggests. There is too much "rapid motoring." We are possibly not sufficiently impressed with the importance of paragraphs of this character: "'Spanish onions,' or what we buy as such, are often imported to London from Oporto." With regret we confess that the poet Colridge is unfamiliar to us.

Mr. Andrew Melrose will publish almost immediately "My Experiences as a German Prisoner," by L. J. Austin, F.R.C.S., who was a member of the first British unit of the Belgian Red Cross Society.

## The Theatre

### "Mistress Wilful"

**I**N a very agreeable and acutely observant novel by Mr. H. G. Wells he writes of the period before the Boer War, "when ideas were dead—or domesticated," when "there was to be much editing of Shakespeare and Charles Lamb, much delightful humour and costume romance. . . ." The play at the Strand Theatre in which Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are now delighting themselves belongs to that curious period which the novelist analyses for us, and which we all knew so well. "Mistress Wilful" never touches the giant issues of life; it leaves out everything that matters; it gives us a picture as little real as the most fanciful and amusing Watteau; but, alas! it has no beauty. Nevertheless, *Allons, embarquons pour Cythère*. And if you can accept the make-believe world of Caroline comedy as it was written and played in the nineties of the last century, you will be very lucky, and will enjoy Mr. Ernest Hendrie's new drama in four acts exceedingly. Although it is an actors' play, written for actors, we believe that in normal times the public would have liked it, and may probably do so to-day. In any case, it has been running for some weeks, and we were officially informed that there were no vacant seats in the house. As the stalls were fairly empty when we were at the Strand, they were obviously booked by those curious playgoers who pay and stay away. If such people were accustomed to the theatre, they had chosen the better part, for in reality "Mistress Wilful" has very little to offer to a sophisticated audience. It has been written and is acted, we presume, with an eye on far-off cities whose standard differs altogether from our own.

Robin Fairfellow (there's a clever name for you) is a young Fleet Street apprentice who enters into a regular stage contrivance with regard to marrying the lady who is supposed to be his master's daughter, Margaret Goodman, also extremely young. Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Neilson undertake these parts with light hearts. They may be very young people themselves; they do not look it on the stage; but they act the ways of youth with great sincerity. Such performances are most well-intentioned and worthy, but they rob an artificial piece like "Mistress Wilful" of such little hope of being believed as it ever possessed.

The plan of the play is that Margaret shall have her liberty, and Robin the business which her fortune brings. But when the heroine discovers that she is the daughter of Charles II—who, of course, visits the shop very promptly, made up as a sad Hebrew by Mr. Somerset—and the step-sister, as it were, of the Duke of Monmouth, who is also on the scene, she makes a fine *embrouillamini* of the whole affair, so that it is enabled to last out for four acts. Then, at last, all is clear to Margaret and Robin, who have loved one another from the first—oh, so dearly!—and whose end is, we suppose, happiness. For those who still can enjoy the

pseudo-romance and sentiment of such a piece of writing, the hard work of the actors and the satisfactory mounting will help to make the whole an attractive entertainment. The thing that astonishes us is that after some thirty years of theatrical reform in England so curiously retrograde a piece of work in the comedy vein can find admirers.

EGAN MEW.

## Fiction

**T**HACKERAY once wrote what he termed "a novel without a hero," and now Mr. Thomas Cobb, the author of many successful works of fiction, presents us with "Mrs. Latham's Extravagance" (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), a novel which can boast of two heroines, although he does not mention the fact on his title-page. For the "pride of place" he allots to the extravagant Mrs. Latham should have been at least equally shared by little Katherine Sheffield, who sacrifices all for love, and so charms the reader that she is certain to linger long in his memory, which is more than can be said of the other lady. The latter's extravagance is not so very blamable after all, as it is mainly in the cause of charity, but she gives up the man she loves and comfortably settles down to the humdrum companionship of a melancholy elderly widower, a state of life not to be recommended to a would-be heroine of fiction. The story, however, is sure to please a host of readers, who will, moreover, be agreeably tickled by not a few of Mr. Cobb's favourite little problems.

Two interesting works of fiction are those by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick—"Delia Blanchflower" (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.) and "In Other Days" (Methuen and Co., 6s.). Mrs. Ward's book has been called an anti-suffragette novel; Delia the heroine, is described as "a young woman of a type almost new to fiction." Societies existing to further the cause of votes for women need not feel perturbed on account of the harm this story is likely to do them, for, keen opponent of the enfranchisement of women as Mrs. Ward may be, she fails to state her case in anything like a convincing manner, while Delia is merely the wayward, troublesome ward who in the end marries her guardian, as she always did after she was tired of her own naughty little way.

"In Other Days" purports to show the difference between the life in a stiff family mansion, and that lived to the full in an artists' colony a few miles away. Lady Tuft, her husband, and Tony Tuft make matters far from comfortable or pleasant for two poor relations, Mrs. Cloutesley and her daughter Rosalind. Ultimately the Cloutesleys take a cottage in the colony and "try" to live on Mrs. Cloutesley's £200 a year. There are some good passages in the book, but its reputation will not be gained by the drawing of any sharp contrast between the two types of individuals, for Mrs. Sidgwick has not managed to convey to the reader a particularly clear impression of either, although at the same time there still remains much that is worth reading.

## MOTORING

IT is becoming more and more advisable for motorists so to arrange their day's runs that they will arrive at their destinations before nightfall, especially when making journeys in areas affected by the regulations of the military authorities; these orders provide for the extinction or reduction of lights on motor vehicles, the erection of barricades, examination of licences, in different parts of the country, and are, of course, made under the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, 1914, the restrictions being operative more especially in coastal areas, the vicinity of military depots, and the outskirts of a number of important towns. Motorists should realise that the military and police authorities now have very full powers, and that considerable risk is incurred when there is any infringement. Unfortunately it is not possible to give an accurate summary of the restrictions in force, in consequence of their liability at any time to modification or extension, but members of the Automobile Association can obtain the latest particulars on application at any of the A.A. offices.

We are informed that the A.A. road patrols are being constantly called upon to render assistance to military motor drivers, many of whom have had to undertake their duties with very little previous experience of such work, and it is gratifying to know that in all such instances the patrols' services are rendered promptly, willingly, and efficiently. The other day, while cycling along his beat on the Worthing Road, one of the patrols found an abandoned motor lorry, carrying the War Office identification mark, by the wayside. After lighting up the lamps, he at once reported the matter to the local police, assisted the latter to draw the lorry into an adjacent yard, and eventually enabled the vehicle to be identified and taken possession of by an officer who had been sent in search of it. This is merely one of many instances in which the military authorities have been indebted to the patrols for useful service.

To the private motorist stranded on the wayside, the services rendered by the A.A. road patrol have often proved sufficient to cover the whole of the modest annual subscription fee. As an instance, one night last week a member found himself helpless in a remote village, with a series of punctures in one of the tyres of his machine—a motor-cycle with side-car. A local patrol, whose address was given by one of the villagers, willingly came to the rescue, effected the necessary repairs, supplementing his aid by inviting the motorist to supper, bed, and breakfast—an invitation which was very gladly accepted. An incident of this sort is a typical indication of the spirit in which the patrols interpret their instructions from the A.A. committee—to assist members in all circumstances, at all times, and in every possible way.

At the Royal Society of Arts, on Monday, February 15, at 8 p.m., Professor Vivian B. Lewes, F.I.C., will lecture on "Motor Fuel." (Lecture I.)

## The Sinking of the "Emden"

## A SIGNALLER'S GRAPHIC STORY

THE following vivid and valuable account of the sinking of the *Emden* is written by an old boy of Buckhurst Hill Boys' School, of which Mr. Gratton is the headmaster. The school has over 200 old boys serving with the colours. Two have received commissions; one (W. H. French) won the D.S.M., and received it from the hands of the King in France; and several have been either killed or wounded. Mr. Gratton has succeeded in imparting some of the spirit of the public schoolboy to the lads who have been educated under his auspices.—ED. ACADEMY.

W. SEABROOK, Sig.,  
H.M.A.S. *Sydney*,  
C/o G.P.O., London.

DEAR MR. GRATTON.—The *Sydney* arrived in Malta today—December 2, 1914—and on arrival here I received the first batch of letters from England for eight weeks. In a letter from home they said, "Mr. Gratton, I know, would be pleased with a full account of the action with the German cruiser S.M.S. *Emden*." Well, I will give you a detailed and true account of the action, also the several incidents surrounding it, as I expect the papers—as usual—gave an exaggerated and garbled account. I was on watch the whole of the action; was the signalman sent aloft with a pair of glasses to look out; was signalman of armed party, and also I was sent on board the *Emden* afterwards, to make necessary signals to the *Sydney*, so I can guarantee every word of this. There are, of course, certain things that I am not allowed to talk about, but I will tell you all I can.

The Australian and New Zealand Expeditionary Forces for England sailed from Albany, Western Australia, for Egypt, on November 1, 1914, with H.M.S. *Minotaur*, H.M.A.S. *Melbourne*, and *Sydney*, and the Japanese cruiser *Ibuki*, as escorting cruisers of the convoy. Everything went off all right until half the journey had been done. Half way between Albany and Colombo—our first place of call—there are a group of Islands named Cocos, or Keeling Islands. As the convoy neared these islands they—the convoy—were ordered not to use their wireless, and the escort received orders to keep an extra sharp lookout, as, if an attack was intended, it was anticipated it would be from behind these islands. We passed the islands at midnight on Sunday, November 8, and nothing happened. At 7 a.m., Monday, November 9, daylight, the wireless operator at Cocos Islands called up H.M.S. *Minotaur* furiously and made, "Strange cruiser at entrance to harbour." Well, the *Minotaur* left the convoy to carry out another order she had received from London—Whitehall—so H.M.A.S. *Melbourne* took the signal—we received it also—and immediately ordered *Sydney* to raise steam for full speed and proceed to Cocos Islands. I was getting my breakfast at the time, as I had to be on watch from 8 a.m. to noon—forenoon watch. At 8 o'clock I came up to go on watch, but was told to go aloft in the fore control top and keep a good lookout ahead for land, also a cruiser.

At 9.5 a.m. I reported "Land ahead." At 9.10 I saw smoke and was watching it. At 9.15 I could make out the tops of two masts and three funnels, so I reported a "Cruiser off the starboard bow." As soon as the Captain could see her from the upper bridge I was ordered to re-

turn to the bridge. I got down there and found about six signalmen on the bridge. I had just told one of them he had better get below, so as to be ready to take my place and the other signalmen, if we were knocked out, when, Bang! a projectile hit the water about fifty yards short of us and screamed overhead.

On the way we had cleared the guns away, so were all ready. That shot of the *Emden*'s was her ranging shot, and was fired at a range of 11,000 yards. We immediately returned the compliment with a ranging shot, and ours went just over. At 9.39 a.m., the *Sydney* opened fire with a broadside, but our shots fell short. The *Emden* also started to fire broadsides. The *Emden* found the correct range first and had the best of matters. Her second broadside knocked out seven out of nine of one of our guns' crews. Then she just scooped a lump out of our mainmast, but it wasn't sufficient to bring it down. A few minutes later she dropped two lovely shots in our after-control. It killed one man and severely wounded the remaining four. The officer got a lump chipped out of both of his calves. One man got his eye blown out, broke right leg, hole in stomach, and wounded in right arm, and to back it up, he was blown completely out of the control and fell on the upper deck. This chap is still alive and is doing well, although he will be minus an eye.

Then the bridge—where I was—came in for it. A shot came our way, carrying away the port signal halyards, cut through the rangefinder—about six inches thick of brass—blew off the range-taker's leg, cut a rail off, through the hammocks lining the inside of the bridge, through the screen, then the ship awning which was lashed outside the screen, then burst. One lump of shell hit the deck only a foot away from me (I have got the piece), shooting by my head by inches, and another piece hit the deck and then bounced up and through the bridge screen, taking exactly one half of a pair of binoculars with it. Not bad for one shot, was it? That was the last shot the *Emden* got in on us for a little while.

It was now the *Sydney*'s turn to have some sport. Of course, we had been hitting her as well, but we could not see the extent of the damage done. But now we commenced to make havoc of big things, so that all the guns' crews could see what was being done with the naked eye.

At 10.4 a.m., the *Emden*'s foremost funnel fell over—pushed by one of our shells I presume. At 10.20 an explosion occurred owing to our lyddite finding its way to the boiler room. This caused a fire, which started by her mainmast and flashed aft to the stern. At 10.34 the *Emden*'s foremast got hit in the control top and the foot of the mast at the same time, blowing the control top clean overboard and causing the mast to topple over the side. At 10.41 the second funnel followed the first. At 10.53 the forebridge was blown away. At 11.8 the third funnel was blown over. At 11.5 the *Emden* altered course for the land. Her speed had decreased and we could all see she was sinking fast. At 11.11 she grounded, and at 11.15 a.m. we "ceased fire."

Immediately on ceasing fire we turned and chased her merchant collier. The collier had been lying off watching the fight to see who was going to win. When she saw the *Emden* could not possibly win, she turned and tried to run away, but the *Sydney* did not want her to; also, as we did not want to run after her for about twenty miles, we dashed after her until we were six miles off and then put a shot across her bows. It was marvellous how quickly she came to a standstill. Immediately on drawing close to her, I volunteered to go as signaller of armed boarding party, so armed with a revolver and cutlass we ran alongside. No resistance was offered, so our skipper ordered her to "Strike your colours," as she was flying the Ger-

man Ensign. This she did, burning the ensign to save it from being captured.

On getting aboard, the Chinese crew—previously taken by *Emden* from a capture of hers—came rushing up to us asking to be sent to the warship as the collier was sinking. "Oh! this is good news," we thought. Anyhow, they were sent on board *Sydney* and we commenced to have a look round, first of all making the German officers and men, who belonged to the *Emden*, prisoners.

On inspecting the ship, we found out that they had opened all the sea valves and smashed them, so that they could not be closed. The collier had about nine feet of water in her when we boarded her. She now had about fifteen feet, and listed over to port; we thought it was high time we thought about leaving her, unless we wanted to go down with her, so we bundled the prisoners into the boats and followed. As soon as we got clear the *Sydney* put four shots into her and she went down afire. What a glorious end!

As soon as we got aboard, the *Sydney* turned round and steamed back at full speed to the *Emden*. On nearing her we saw she still flew the German Ensign at the mainmast-head, so the Captain made a signal by flags, "Do you surrender?" The *Emden* made back by Morse, "What signal? No signal books." So we made by Morse, "Do you surrender?" No reply was received. We then made, "Have you received signal?" Still no reply, so we made, "Will you surrender?" Still no reply, so the Captain gave the order, "Open fire. Aim for her mainmast." We fired about fifteen rounds with the port guns, had just turned round to let the starboard guns have a go, when the *Emden* waved a white flag as a token of surrender, and a man went aloft to haul down the flag. Immediately it was hauled down the Captain of *Emden* ordered it to be burnt to save capture.

The time was then about 5.30 p.m., and it was beginning to get dark. When we were satisfied that the *Emden* was beyond showing fight, a boat was sent to her manned by the captured on collier, with water in it and a message to say we would return at daylight to start the rescue work. As soon as the boat had reached the *Emden* we got moving again, and steamed towards a spot where we had previously seen two men swimming in the water. As we neared them they were cheered by the *Sydney*'s ship's company and two men dived overboard to assist them on board, as they had been in the water for seven and a half hours—since 10.30 a.m.—and were both wounded. As we were steaming out to sea another man was picked up. This man had been in the water for eight hours.

The reason we did not start the rescue work straight away was in case the *Emden* had called for help, or in case another cruiser—we did not know about the *Konigsberg* then—was knocking about anywhere.

Just a word about the action. During the whole of the action the Captain remained by the compass on the upper bridge and never shifted. Total time in action, 1 hour 35 minutes. Everybody on board cheered like mad when they were told it was the *Emden* we were going to fight. We, one and all, were dying to have a go at her. Up till then we had all heard that there was not a ship in the Indian Ocean fast enough to catch her. Righto, we said, she'll have to steam some to get away from us, as our speed was 25 knots—*Emden* 24 knots—and we were capable of going more, we were certain, as our engines had never been opened right out. During the action the order was passed down to the engine-room, "Go as fast as you can." We did, and our speed was registered up to 29.3 knots. What we did over that no one can say, as it was not possible to check it. At any rate, we reckon we did 30 knots, if not a trifle over. Of course, when we first went into action

everybody felt a slight tightening across the stomach, as it was our first experience, but after the first ten or fifteen minutes that wore off, and we forgot everything except our own duties.

To carry on with the yarn.

During the night, Monday, November 9, one of the German prisoners who had been picked up out of the water informed us that the *Emden* had landed an armed party forty strong, with two officers in charge, on Keeling Island to destroy the wireless and cable station. When we heard this news they called for a volunteer party to land and fight them. I volunteered and was accepted as signalman of armed party.

The Captain said he would wait for daylight, as they would have too big an advantage over us if we landed in darkness. Lucky for us we did. On getting ashore the people of Cocos Islands cheered us again and again. In fact, they went mad over us, as they were able to witness the best part of the fight on the previous day. On landing they informed us that the Germans planned to let us *nearly* land and then open fire right into our boats with four maxim guns. They said they intended to wipe us out as they had nowhere to send us if they took us prisoners. But they would not fight us by day. When daylight began to come they took a schooner belonging to the inhabitants, also half the island's stores, and nipped. The operator said he could repair the installation in three weeks, and the Germans had only cut one cable, so they were still able to make messages via Singapore. During the half hour we spent on the island the people could not do enough for us. They brought us down drinks, food, and cigarettes galore. Our Captain requested the Superintendent, Doctor, and Wireless Operator on board, so taking these we left the island with the people cheering us and singing, "For these are jolly good fellows," etc.

On arrival on board the Captain had a yarn with the Superintendent and asked the Doctor if he would volunteer his services in the rescue work of getting the *Emden*'s wounded on board *Sydney*. He was only too pleased to participate. The Superintendent returned to the boat with the W.T. Operator, whom the Captain thanked on the quarter-deck for the prompt manner in which he had reported the *Emden*. As soon as they were clear we proceeded to the *Emden*. On arrival off her a boat was manned with a few hands, doctor, stores, and signalman (myself). There was a terrible big swell in shore, and we had a hard job to get on board. On arrival on board I had a good look round, and she was in an appalling state. I cannot find words sufficient enough to convey to you the terrible state she was in.

From right forward to the breakwater she was in good condition, except down below, where there was a hole big enough for one of Mr. Bailey's horses and carts to walk through. The mast was hanging over the port side. The three funnels were lying down—tired, I presume—one on top of the other on the port side. There were five big holes on her water line, the starboard side. Where the starboard battery was once, was one mass of gaping holes. The port battery was torn up in all directions. Amidships, where you should be able to see down into the engine-room, was one mass of bent, torn and twisted iron. The wireless room was like a curio box turned upside down and given a good shake. From the mainmast to right aft was one mass of blistered steel and iron. The after part of the ship where the officers' cabin had been was simply a shell, caused by our shells exploding inside the ship. All under the joinings of the iron plates English and German money was found. I have got one or two burnt coins for a curio.

The Germans informed us that about a ton of English

money had been thrown over the side. Estimated amount £60,000. We commenced the rescue work at 10.30 a.m. and finished transferring their wounded at 4 p.m. The sights I saw on board the *Emden* were terrible. Bodies were lying in all directions. Some were burnt right through, some were only half burnt. Others were lying about near by where the guns had been, some whole, some decapitated, others with arms and legs missing. The lydite we use is awful stuff. As soon as we had got everybody on board we proceeded round to the other side of the island to land a party to rescue about twenty wounded men who had been blown overboard from the *Emden*. The Captain of the *Emden*, von Müller, and Prince Franz Joseph Hohenzollern were both unhurt, and were made prisoners and allowed to keep their swords. The Captain was the last to leave the ship. We landed our rescue party and then went to sea for the night. Early next morning, Wednesday, November 11, we returned to the island and picked up our party and the twenty wounded. As soon as these people were on board we proceeded towards Colombo. On the way we met the *Empress of Russia*, an armed merchant cruiser. She took the Chinese crew and thirty of the wounded Germans, so as to relieve our two doctors. The casualties were: *Sydney*, 4 killed, 8 seriously wounded, and 5 wounded. *Emden*, 200 killed, 45 severely wounded, 140 saved who were uninjured.

The Admiralty can't grumble at that, can they—200 for 4, and 45 for 13?

Sunday, November 15, arrived Colombo, did four days there, landing wounded, coaling, and disinfecting the ship throughout.

Thursday, November 19, sailed. Arrived Aden November 25, coaled and sailed next morning. Arrived Port Said Sunday, 29th, coaled and sailed same day. Arrived Malta Wednesday, December 2.

As to our movements from now, I am allowed to tell you very little. We leave here for Gibraltar to-morrow morning at 7 a.m., December 3. After that I cannot tell you anything except that I hope to see B. Hill before Christmas, barring accidents. That's as near as I dare go. By the way, I forgot to mention that neither myself nor the other signalman on watch got even a scratch through the action. Only one signalman was wounded. He had taken a wounded seaman's place and was loading a gun. The only mark I have so far is a bullet in the wrist, which I got in the fight to capture German New Guinea on September 11 last.

The two forecastle guns and anchors of the *Emden* are going to be transferred to Sydney, N.S.W. Australia, to commemorate the first Australian ship going into action.

I think that is all I have to tell you. I have told you all I can, and at the same time have told you nothing I am barred from speaking about.

Just one favour please. Would you be so kind as to let my people have a look at this account, as I have not time to repeat it? Also, it is a terrible lot for a sailor to write, you know.

Every merchant ship we have passed, since signing the *Emden*'s checks, has congratulated us. The Captain is afraid we shall get swelled heads. Over 100 congratulatory telegrams have been received, including several from England.

From an Old School Boy,

(Signed) WILL SEABROOK, Signaller.

P.S.—The *Emden* was at Cocos with the express purpose of capturing the *Osterly* (Orient Line), as she heard she had the Australian soldiers' money (£5,000,000) on board, and was not there to try and stop the convoy.

## The City

THE outlook is distinctly more hopeful. Various rumours have been laid to rest by the events of the past few days, all to the advantage of the markets. The qualifying but not altogether unexpected element has been provided by Linggi's new capital issue, which depressed not only Linggi's own, but other rubber shares. Now is certainly not the time when rubber shareholders look to be called upon to find fresh capital, but we may take it that Linggi was fairly confident of a ready response. Linggis are now quoted under 12s. How far off seem the days of the rubber boom when Linggi's 2s. shares went to 65s. The principal rumours allayed affect the War Loan and Canpacs. The dividend of 10 per cent., the same rate as a year ago, announced by the Canadian Pacific, was eminently encouraging to a market which confidently anticipated a reduction. The War Loan, too, has looked up on the statement of the result of the Conference between the Finance Ministers of France, Russia, and Great Britain in Paris which dispels the idea that a new War issue was to be jointly guaranteed. The three Powers will take over in equal shares advances made or to be made to countries fighting with them for the common cause. Also the three Powers will proceed jointly with all purchases which they respectively have to make in neutral countries—thus avoiding competition among the Allies—and they will further adopt measures to re-establish the parity of exchange between Russia and her allies—a most important undertaking in view of the embarrassment which has been caused to all engaged in Russian trade by the fall in the value of the rouble. The agreement is of both financial and political significance.

We look to some of the big stores to afford an indication of the general spending capacity of the public in war time. Harrods' report seems to suggest that war has made very little difference. At any rate, the net profit for the year ended January 31 amounted to £309,227, as compared with £295,181. The directors recommend a dividend of 15 per cent. and a bonus of 6 per cent. on the ordinary shares, making a total distribution for the year of 26 per cent., less tax, carrying forward £17,077, and allocating £21,350 to reserve. The dividend and bonus are the same as for the previous year, and the amounts carried forward and to reserve are only down by some £3,000. Holders of Harrods Founders' shares have to be content with one per cent. less, but we are afraid we cannot condole with them unduly on only getting 62 per cent.

Home and Colonial Stores have also had a good year—so good, indeed, that the directors propose to appropriate every year in future an amount equal to the dividend on the "A" shares for the purpose of providing a special staff bonus. For 1914 that would mean the setting aside for the benefit of the employees of the substantial sum of £25,000. The Home and Colonial Stores met war conditions in a public spirited way appreciated both by the staff and the customers, and the net profit of £225,828, to which has to be added £27,731 brought forward, is peculiarly satisfactory. After payment of the usual dividends and making the usual appropriations £40,000 is applied to reserves and the carry forward is increased by over £10,000.

Mr. G. St. Lawrence Mowbray and his colleagues are to be congratulated on the manner in which they tackled and disposed of the awkward situation brought about by the declaration and withdrawal of dividends by the Dutch undertakings in which the Batavia Plantation Investments are interested. The sole excuse for the action of the Dutch companies seems to have been the rankling sense of in-

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justice that the British Finance Act compelled deduction of income tax from British companies' dividends on shares held outside the United Kingdom. It was a quite intelligible objection, and the situation for Mr. Mowbray and his board was awkward. However, matters have been adjusted, and the friendly settlement is all the more welcome because the three rubber properties are doing splendidly. Their dividends in 1914 were increased, and there is no doubt that if rubber holds anywhere near 2s. per lb. Batavia Plantation Investments will enjoy very substantial and improving returns on its holdings.

The Casey Cobalt report should be interesting if there is any truth in the statement recently published, though not on the authority of the company, that a new 18-in. vein has been driven into at 315 feet level, which is said to be even richer than that which gave over 10,000 ozs. in silver. Should this be borne out the Casey Cobalt shareholders are in luck: an official announcement on the subject is desirable.

Brewery companies have been doubly hit by increased taxation and earlier closing hours for publichouses. Economies have to be practised in all directions, and more still will probably be necessary if dividends are to be earned. When a company like Arthur Guinness, Son and Co. reduces its interim dividend from 7 per cent. to 5 per cent. we get an idea of the hard conditions in which brewery companies are working, and difficulties among some of the smaller and less strongly backed concerns are inevitable.

The Canadian Northern Railway for the year ended June 30, 1914, reports a decrease in gross earnings of \$496,149, or 2.04 per cent., the first decrease in the history of the road, but, owing to substantial economies in the operation of the various controlled undertakings, the net earnings from all sources show an increase of \$556,698, or 8.22

per cent., over 1913. During the year 413 miles of newly constructed tracks were added to the railway, the average mileage operated being 4,563 miles, compared with 4,297 miles the preceding year. The company's object has been to secure a trans-continental railway system across Canada, constituting a through and very direct route from Quebec to Vancouver. The problem of financing the completion of the undertaking had to be solved. The directors decided that the time had arrived for the formal acquisition of the control of the entire system. They applied for a Dominion Government guarantee of securities to the extent of \$45,000,000, secured by a general charge upon the undertaking of the Canadian Northern Railway and upon the stocks of the subsidiary companies. An agreement between the Government and the company was made and the control of the shares in the capital stocks of the subsidiary companies which had not previously been acquired by the Canadian Northern Railway Company was transferred to it. The result should be the operation of the whole system by the company and the consolidation of the accounts.

BOVRIL.  
RECORD SALES.

Presiding at the annual general meeting of Bovril Limited, held on Wednesday, the Earl of Erroll, K.T., C.B., in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, stated that though the past year had been a difficult one, Bovril had come through with flying colours, and they were able to show both record sales (apart altogether from Government orders) and largely increased profits. Government, War, and Red Cross orders were always supplied by their company on special terms which left only a comparatively small margin of profit. The results for the year's working would have been considerably better were it not that there had been a continual rise in the price of cattle. As it took a good-sized ox to make a dozen of the larger bottles of Bovril, it was evident that the higher cost of cattle must have seriously affected the year's profits.

The appreciation of Bovril was not confined to the public at home; out at the front, where our soldiers were so heroically fighting, Bovril was a first favourite. In this connection he wished to mention the excellent work done by Miss Gladys Storey, daughter of Mr. G. A. Storey, the Royal Academician. This lady had most successfully organised a Fund for supplying the Army in France with Bovril. Her work had met with the warm approval of the authorities, including General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who, *apropos* of her recently published appeal headed "In commemoration of Lord Roberts," wrote, "No suggestion has been so practical as your offer to provide the men in the trenches with Bovril, and such a project, bringing strength to our soldiers as it will, would, I am sure, have met with the approval of our much regretted late Field Marshal."

Having dealt with the figures of the balance-sheet, which showed gross profit on trading £304,186 against £284,229 for the previous period, and stocks of raw material, manufactured products, etc., £282,614, cash at bank and on hand £42,349, and trade debtors £176,926, he referred to the progress of Virol Limited, which paid a dividend of 12½ per cent. on its last financial year, and which, the directors reported, was doing an increasing business with hospitals, consumption sanatoria, and public institutions. In conclusion, he stated that there was not a single German or alien enemy employed in their factories either at home or abroad. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted. A resolution which was moved by

a shareholder at the meeting voting a hundred guineas to the funds of the Red Cross Society was agreed to, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### AMERICANS AND THE WAR.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Dear Sir,—In spite of the strenuous efforts made by Germans in the United States, to say nothing of the frantic endeavour of the Teutonic Press in Europe, to force Americans to see the justness of the Kaiser's cause, it would appear that up to the present no very great headway had been made; for in *The Fatherland* of January 6—that organ designed primarily to divert the opinions of New York to German channels—is the following announcement:—

Debate between Cecil Chesterton and George Sylvester Viereck at the Cort Theatre . . . to debate the issues of the war. In order that the audience should not consist entirely of British sympathisers, *The Fatherland* has purchased one-half of the tickets and now offers them to our friends.

That *The Fatherland* has been so fearful as to the sympathies of the meeting that it has felt constrained to purchase one-half of the tickets of admission and to offer them free to friends does not say very much for the supporters of *The Fatherland* or for the enthusiasm of the thousands of Germans in New York, however eloquently the action speaks for German "justice," which unblushingly and shamelessly prates of "packing" an audience. Yours faithfully,

E. T. C.

London, N.W.

### "THE DRAMATIST: OR MEMOIRS OF THE STAGE."

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—Your issue of February 29, 1908, contained a letter from Mr. Edward S. Dodgson, referring to the novel "Rebecca; or the Victim of Duplicity," the authorship of which was attributed to Ann Catherine Holbrook. He asked your readers to kindly interest themselves in procuring a copy of the book, more particularly of its third volume, which had been diligently sought for without success.

Recently it was my good fortune to procure a copy of the little work entitled "The Dramatist; or Memoirs of the Stage, with the Life of the Authoress," by Mrs. Holbrook. I would, by your courtesy, desire to chronicle this "find" in your journal. It was printed in 1809 by Martin and Turner, of 10, Hay-market, Birmingham, and presents a graphic picture of Thespian customs of the period. Its title would seem to be somewhat of a misnomer. For the pages deal almost entirely with managers and actors, the methods of the former in relation to members of their companies meeting with severe castigation. The authoress's unfortunate experiences in this respect led to an early severance from the stage by herself and husband. The tone of the book is of a highly moral, instructive character, with a similarity of style to that of "Rebecca," which tends strongly to suggest Mrs. Holbrook as the writer of that novel also. Search for the missing third volume of this is still prosecuted. Will readers of THE ACADEMY, who may be interested in the works of this Staffordshire novelist, join in so attractive a quest? Yours faithfully,

CECIL CLARKE.

Junior Athenaeum Club.

February 1, 1915.

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